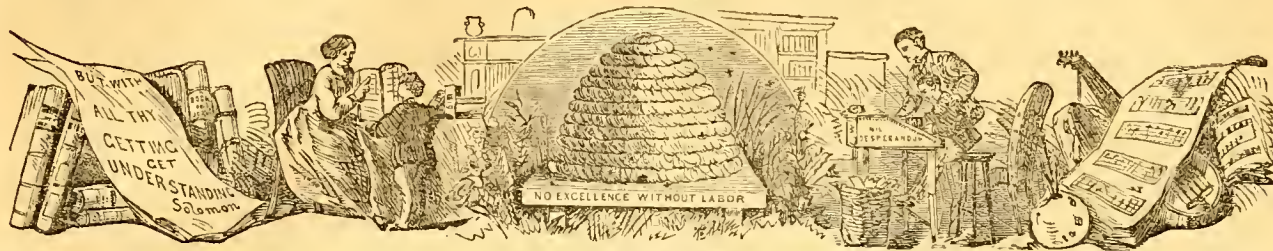


The Juvenile Instructor



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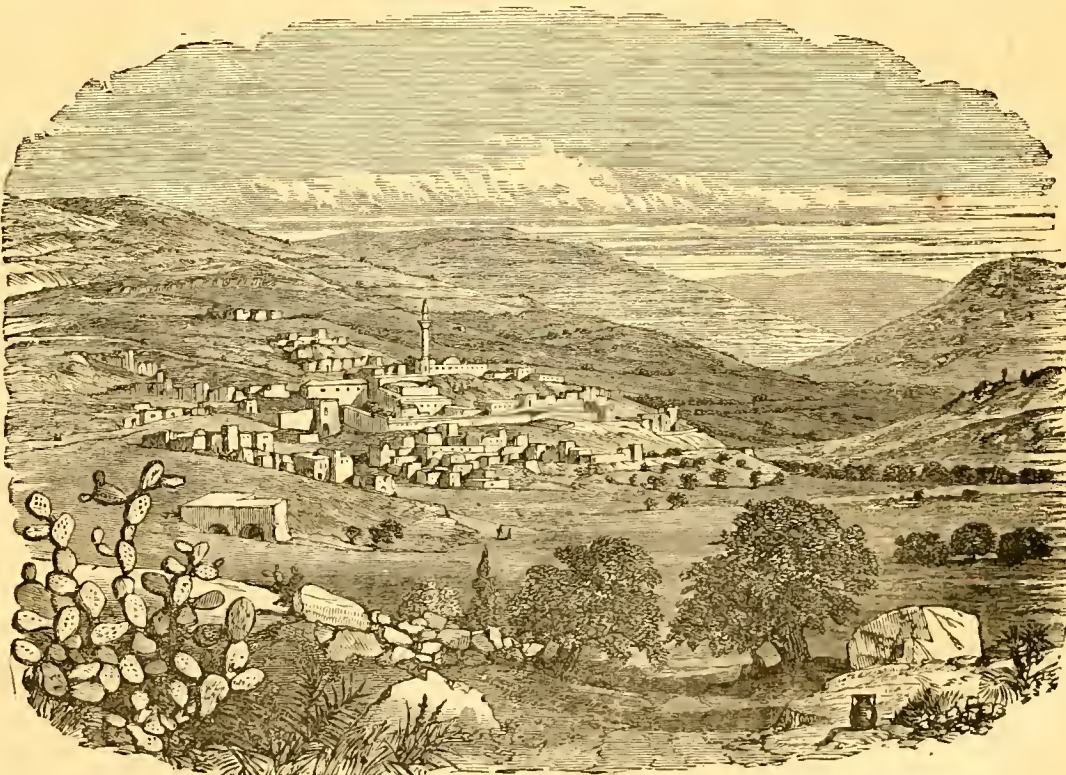
N A Z A R E T H .

ABOUT as far north as the spot where the Jordan flows out of the Sea of Galilee, but several miles to the west lies Nazareth, the city of Mary, the mother of Jesus, and of her husband Joseph. It was in this city that the Savior spent the greater portion of his childhood and early manhood, it was here he worked with his foster-father as a carpenter, and in this city, after he began to preach the glad tidings of the gospel, was the first personal violence offered to him, that we have any record of in the books of the New Testament.

Nazareth of itself never appears to have been more than a small unimportant village. In fact it is never mentioned in the Old Testament, nor by Josephus. It seems also to have had a rather bad reputation, if we may judge from the exclamation of Nathaniel when told by Philip that he had found him of whom the prophets spake in Jesus of Nazareth: "Can any good come out of Nazareth?" he inquired. Philip simply answered "come and see." He went, and found indeed that from this despised and pa'try village of Gallilee had come forth the hope of Israel, the Redeemer of the world.

Nazareth is to day a well built town—that is, well built for Palestine, consisting of flat-roofed, stone houses, cleaner and neater than most Syrian villages. It is situated in a neighborhood fertile with fig trees, olive trees, vineyards and corn fields. Out of a population of about four thousand souls, more than three-fourths call themselves Christians, who are by no means backward in defending their rights, or measuring swords or creeds with the followers of Mahommed.

The principal objects of interest to the visitor of this town are the places pointed out as the scenes in some of the events in our Lord's history. Here, in one place is, a richly decorated church, erected over a grotto supposed to contain the kitchen and fire place of the "Virgin Mary." Another precious site, which the monks pretend to have discovered, is the workshop of Joseph, where Jesus labored with the rest of the family. Over this is built a small chapel, but a portion of the wall of the original shop is still shown to gratify the inquisitive and



impose upon the credulous. Outside the city, an opposition establishment of religious beggars, exhibit the fountain where the angel Gabriel met Mary and announced to her that she should be the mother of a child, whom she should call Jesus, who should rule over the house of Jacob forever, and of his kingdom there should be no end. To this fountain the maidens of Nazareth still repair, not only to fetch water, but to meet their lovers and companions, and pass their spare moments in courtship or conversation.

Another, so called, sacred memorial of our Redeemer's life is the synagogue in which he is said to have expounded the law and the prophets and proclaimed his mission to his fellow townsmen. All these sites may be just what they are represented to be, or they may not. To us this is of no importance. It is far better to learn the will of God and do it, and thus glorify His holy name and sanctify the earth by our own acts of faith and deeds of love, than to go round groping after workshops and kitchens, stables and mangers, which at least can do little else than satisfy our curiosity, or add a testimony to those folks who have none better, to the truth of the writings of the ancient apostles.

About two miles from the city is a hill which the monks call "the mount of Precipitation," stating it to be the one from which the people of Nazareth endeavored to hurl Jesus, when his teachings displeased their corrupt minds. An account of this you will find in the 4th chapter of St. Luke's gospel. But how the credulous monks manage to identify this hill with the mount "whereon the city was built" is hard to comprehend, as it in no way answers the description of the inspired historian.

Now, some of my little friends may inquire how it came to pass that Jesus was not born in Nazareth, but in Bethlehem, of Judea, a small city about six miles distant from Jerusalem. I will try and tell them. Sometime before the birth of Jesus the Romans had conquered Palestine and made the Jews tributary to them. A governor, appointed by the Roman Emperor, ruled them instead of their own kings. The governor at the time of the birth of Jesus was named Herod, and he had issued a proclamation that all the people of Palestine should be taxed in their own cities according to their tribes and families. Now, though Joseph and Mary lived in Nazareth, they were of the tribe of Judah, and of the family of David, whose city was Bethlehem. To this city Joseph and Mary journeyed to be taxed, and, whilst there, Jesus was born.

To day we give a view of Nazareth, in our next number we propose to present to you Bethlehem. G. R.

Biography.

JOSEPH SMITH, THE PROPHEET.

LARGE numbers of visitors during these days came to Nauvoo, prompted by curiosity to see Joseph, the people and the wonderful city that was being built up on one of the most beautiful sites on the Upper Mississippi river. Joseph found it a heavy tax upon him to entertain so much company as he had free of charge. From the foundation of the Church his house had been a home and resting place for thousands, and his family had often been obliged to do without food themselves after having fed all they had to visitors. The constant persecutions to which he was constantly subjected made his expenses very heavy, and were a cause of great embarrassment to him. He was a liberal, generous man; it was a pleasure to him to have it in his power to extend hospitality to all who entered his doors; but he could not do so. He therefore, found

himself reduced to the necessity of opening a hotel. He called the house the "NAUVOO MANSION." It was a large and convenient building, and at that time it afforded better accommodations and was provided with a better table than any other place on the Upper Mississippi. The brick stable also, built for the use of the MANSION, had stalls for seventy-five horses, and room for storing the requisite forage for that number of animals.

The MANSION was opened about the middle of September, 1843; but Joseph did not long retain charge of it himself. In November he rented it and the stables to Ebenezer Robinson; he and his family were to board in the house, and have the use of three rooms which he reserved.

In November, 1843, Joseph wrote letters to the various candidates for Presidency of the United States, to inquire what their feelings were to us as a people and what their course of action would be, in relation to the cruelty and oppression that the Saints suffered from the State of Missouri. The names of these candidates were John C. Calhoun, Lewis Cass, Richard M. Johnson, Henry Clay and Martin Van Buren.

The reply of John C. Calhoun was characteristic. He was the foremost or most prominent advocate in the nation of the doctrine of State Rights. Joseph in speaking of this doctrine once said:

"The State Rights doctrines are what feed mobs. They are a dead carcass—a stink, and they shall ascend up as a stink offering in the nose of the Almighty.

"They shall be oppressed as they have oppressed us, not by "Mormons," but by others in power. They shall drink a drink offering, the bitterest dregs, not from the "Mormons," but from a meaner source than themselves. God shall curse them."

Calhoun's letter was brief. He said that if he should be elected, he would strive to administer the Government according to the Constitution and the laws of the Union; and that as they make no distinction between citizens of different religious creeds, he should make none. "But," he continued,

"As you refer to the case of Missouri, candor compels me to repeat what I said to you at Washington, that, according to my views, the case does not come within the jurisdiction of the Federal Government, which is one of limited and specific powers."

Joseph wrote a reply to this letter, in which he so thoroughly exposed Calhoun's sophistry, that wherever it was read—and it was very widely circulated—men were struck by the contrast between the narrow, sectional doctrines which Calhoun advanced respecting the powers of the Federal Government and the broad, patriotic and truly national views which Joseph advocated. Joseph was aroused, and the noble scorn which he felt for the politician's tricks is breathed in every line of his reply.

He commenced by stating that in order that Calhoun and his friends might not be disappointed as to him or his mind upon so grave a subject he asked to be permitted, as a law-abiding man, as a well-wisher to the perpetuity of constitutional rights and liberty, and as a friend to the free worship of Almighty God by all, according to the dictates of every person's own conscience, to say he was surprised that a man or men in the highest stations of public life should have made up such a fragile view of a case, than which there was not one on the face of the globe fraught with more consequence to the happiness of men in this world or the world to come.

The first paragraph of his letter, he said, appeared very com- placent and fair on a white sheet of paper. But who, that was ambitious for greatness and power, would not have said the same thing? His oath would bind him to support the Constitution and laws, but why, he asked, are all the principal men held up for public stations so cautiously careful not to publish to the world that they will judge a righteous judgement, law or no law? for, said he, laws and opinions, like the vanes of steeples, change with the wind. One Congress passes a law,

another repeals it, one statesman says that the Constitution means this, and another that; and who does not know that all may be wrong?

He then took up what he said about the Federal Government being one of limited and specific powers, and inferred that, if Mr. Calhoun's view were correct, a State could at any time expel any portion of her citizens with impunity, and, though their cause be ever so just, Government could do nothing for them, because it would have no power.

He then said:

"Go on, then Missouri, after another set of inhabitants (as the Latter-day Saints did,) have entered some two or three hundred dollars' worth of land, and made extensive improvements thereon. Go on, then, I say; banish the occupants or owners, or kill them, as the mobbers did many of the Latter-day Saints, and take their land and property as spoil; and let the Legislature, as in the case of the 'Mormons,' appropriate a couple of hundred thousand dollars to pay the mob for doing that job; for the renowned Senator from South Carolina, Mr. J. C. Calhoun, says the powers of the Federal Government are so *specific and limited that it has no jurisdiction of the case!* O ye people who groan under the oppression of tyrants!—ye exiled Poles, who have felt the iron hand of Russian grasp!—ye poor and unfortunate among all nations! come to the asylum of the oppressed; buy ye lands of the General Government; pay in your money to the treasury to strengthen the army and the navy; worship God according to the dictates of your own consciences; pay in your taxes to support the great needs of a glorious nation; but remember a *'sovereign State'* is so much more powerful than the United States, the parent Government, that it can exile you at pleasure, mob you with impunity, confiscate your lands and property, have the Legislature sanction it—yea, even murder you as an edict of an emperor, *and it does no wrong*; for the noble Senator of South Carolina says the power of the Federal Government is *so limited and specific that it has no jurisdiction of the case!* What think ye of *imperium in imperio?*" * * *

"If the General Government has no power to reinstate expelled citizens to their rights, there is a monstrous hypocrite fed and fostered from the hard earnings of the people! A real 'bull be, gr' upheld by sycophants. * * * Yet remember, if the Latter-day Saints are not restored to all their rights and paid for all their losses, according to the known rules of justice and judgment, reciprocity and common honesty among men that God will come out of his hiding place, and vex this nation with a sore vexation; yea, the consuming wrath of an offended God shall smoke through the nation with as much distress and woe as independence has blazed through with pleasure and delight." * * *

"Congress has power to protect the nation against foreign invasion and internal broil; and whenever that body passes an act to maintain right with any power, or to restore right to any portion of her citizens, it is the SUPREME LAW OF THE LAND; and should a State refuse submission, that State is guilty of *insurrection or rebellion*, and the President has as much power to repel it as Washington had to march against the 'whisky boys at Pittsburg,' or General Jackson had to send an armed force to suppress the rebellion of South Carolina."

(To be Continued.)

For the Juvenile Instructor.

Chemistry of Common Things.

A S H E S .

OUR beautiful city is giving evidence of returning spring; every body is busy, especially the boys (and girls too) burning up the dry brush, clippings of trees, leaves, straw and rubbish. Crackling, sparkling, giving forth volumes of flame and smoke, especially smoke, tons of rubbish are being consumed. Yes; *tons*—that is if it was gathered together it would weigh tons! Where is it all now? Some of it was, probably, in the recent showers of rain which have fallen; some of it in the dense clouds overhead; and the remainder in ashes.

Now those ashes yesterday were very valuable, to day they are not so; the soluble parts have been washed away by the

rain, carried down the creeks to the low lands; they will crystallize by and by and form a crude saleratus—you may see a white substance on the earth in the lower wards of the city in dry weather, which is a salt formed by the washing of the ashes of land plants.

Perhaps we may have heard people say "they do not want the saleratus." Perhaps not, in such large quantities; but, in small quantities our gardens require it if we want them to be fertile. But, not only is saleratus (potash) washed away and lost, but many other equally valuable and even necessary salts.

Let us see then, as chemists, what changes have taken place in our burning operations. A great deal of carbon was unconsumed; the heavy black smoke, loaded with small particles of charred wood, passed away to descend again when the heated current of air by which it was suspended became cool; this was deposited over the surface of our gardens to increase their fertility. The carbon consumed united with the oxygen of the air to form carbonic acid; this will give up its carbon to vegetation by and by. The hydrogen of our fires united with oxygen to form water, which, in the form of vapour, and rarefied by the heat, ascended to form clouds. The volatile substances such as turpentine, resins, etc., were driven off into the air; the presence of the e we could detect by the peculiar smell. And, the *incombustible* portion, that which represents the *mineral* part of the vegetable kingdom, remains in the little piles of ashes.

Now, there is a great deal of difference in ashes; but, as a general thing, those which we burn contain the elements most needed in our gardens because they have been taken from the soil. This is why the ashes should be returned; for, although animals and vegetables are principally composed of elements which are derived from the atmosphere "the formation of the constituent elements of blood, and the nitrogenized principles in one cultivated plant depend upon the presence of *inorganic* matters in the soil, without which no nitrogen can be assimilated, even when there is a most abundant supply." These are the very elements which, by our burning, we have set free from the organic substances with which they were combined; and this is done whenever organized matter is burned as in our streets. Let us remember this, that when we grow up to be men we may be wiser than our fathers so that the precious elements which have been combined for our use by the operations of our heavenly Father may not be wasted.

The ashes of our wood fires contain much alkaline matter, chiefly potash, this may be used for making lye for manufacturing soap, the insoluble part will still be very useful for manure. To "quicken" the lye, that is to separate the carbonic acid from the potash, a little quick lime, that is *unslacked* lime, may be put into the lye. It will then make better soap and make it more readily. Newly burned wood ashes put into hard water will soften it and give it cleansing properties, thus saving labor, time and soap.

Now, then, children, let us gather up the ugly looking weeds they are dry now and will burn readily; bring out the straw and rubbish to make a good bonfire; pile it up, burn it; to-morrow morning the fire will be gone out and then gather up the ashes and scatter them over the garden!

BETH.

(To be Continued.)

• SOME one has beautifully said: Let prayer be the key of the morning and the bolt of the evening.

IF, through any loss, we grow wiser and better, that loss becomes a gain and a blessing.

THE longer the saw of contention is drawn the hotter it grows.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, : EDITOR.

SATURDAY, MARCH 27, 1869.

TWENTY YEARS AGO.

A TRIP TO CALIFORNIA.

CHAPTER VII.

TO drive "Croppy" ahead it was necessary to pass through this under-growth; and, as night had spread its mantle of darkness over us, we found this very disagreeable. Bro. Joseph Cain remained with me to assist in getting my horse into camp. We were afoot, and as we were scrambling along through the brush we suddenly came on to an Indian wick-e-up. The first notice we had of it we were at its entrance. We had heard so many tales of the treachery and cruelty of these Indians that we had a wholesome dread of exposing ourselves or animals to their attacks or depredations. You can imagine, therefore, how startled we were to find ourselves so near to one of their dwellings at such a time and under such circumstances! I fancied I could distinguish in the gloom an Indian inside; but I might have been mistaken; at any rate we did not stop to satisfy ourselves on that point, for the company was a long way ahead of us and our riding horses had kept with the company, and my rifle was fastened to my riding saddle. I was unarmed, unless my butcher knife, which I carried, Spanish fashion, in my legging, could be called a weapon. Bro. Cain had his rifle; but, unfortunately, in trying to load it a day or two before he had used too thick a patching, and the bullet had stuck half-way down the barrel. There it was, immovable; he could neither get it up nor down. Neither he nor any of the rest of us had dared to fire off the rifle for fear of it bursting.

If there were any Indians in or near the wick-e-up, they were probably more frightened than we; for our company had come upon them unexpectedly, and they must have been at a total loss to know what our object could be in coming through that part of their country, where probably no white man had ever been to their knowledge before. We were glad to get out of the brush and to get "Croppy" out of the creek on to the trail again, and before long we were gladdened still more by seeing the light of the camp fires in the distance. There was considerable interest felt in camp about "Croppy." The fear was very general that he could not hold out much longer, and in our circumstances the loss of a horse or a mule by any one of the company was a general loss. We were dependent upon one another, and we, therefore, were compelled to look upon ourselves to some extent as one family. Whether "Croppy" was determined to commit suicide by drowning or not I can not say; but the creek seemed to have great attractions for him. If the weather had been warm, I might have thought that he sought its waters to cool himself; but it was November and the nights were cold. Sometime in the night I was awakened by my friend, Bro. Joseph Cain, who wanted me to get up. "Croppy" was in the creek, and help was needed to draw him out. He had been in the creek before; and it had taken three of the guard to bring him to the bank. With some trouble we managed to get him out and on to his feet; but he was chilled through, and I thought it very doubtful about his being able to live. I led him away from the creek and left him under the shelter of some brush, in a place where he could get feed and be warm. I then returned to bed. He soon wan-

dered off again to the creek, and there I found him the next morning stretched out stark and cold. He was drowned! Under some circumstances my position would have been a very disagreeable one, left with but one animal at a distance of nearly five hundred miles from any point where I could obtain supplies; but the only feeling of unpleasantness that I had arose from my being dependent. The brethren of my mess were very kind; they divided my pack and carried a portion on each of their horses. Their doing this still left me my mare to ride.

Every headland we rounded in our travel down the kanyon the next day we expected to see a valley; but we were disappointed until about the middle of the afternoon, when we came into a small valley containing about twenty acres of cultivated land. The soil was sandy, and from the corn stalks lying around we judged the Indians had raised good corn there. About three miles further down we came to another small valley. There was a corn field there also, in which the corn stalks were standing; the ears had been stripped off. Morning glories, and beans, squash vines, and other vegetables had grown in the field, and had been well cultivated. Large ditches had been made for irrigating purposes, which gave evidence of industry and perseverance. Though this was November the fifth, there had been no frost to nip vegetation. As we continued our travel down this creek the kanyon became more open, the surrounding mountains were lower and receded from the creek, and the water almost ceased to run. We came to another corn field. It was surprising to us to see the foliage so luxuriant and green as it was here; to have judged by that we should have thought it July rather than November.

Had we continued on the course we were then pursuing we should have struck the Spanish Trail before long, as we were traveling in a southerly direction, and this wash on which we then were doubtless led into another wash or stream which crossed the Trail on its route to the Colorado river. This, of course, would not have suited those who wished to go through by "Walker's cut-off." We remained a day in the vicinity of this last corn field, and while there were joined by some men from the main train of wagons, of which Captain Hunt was the pilot. There were six of them with five horses. They informed us that the people with the wagons had all resolved to follow us, and had started on our track. Up to this point we had been traveling on no trail; we had followed the course of streams, and were only able to know what our general course was by the compass. There were plenty of trails; but they ran in all directions over the country, being made by the Indians to suit their local convenience. In starting again we struck over some high hills to the westward and traveled in this direction nearly all day. We estimated our day's journey at 32 miles. We camped in the dry bed of a creek, but could find no water. The animals were very much exhausted for want of feed and water. There was much suffering from thirst among the men in camp this night; many of Captain Smith's company offered to give anything they had for a drink. Gloomy and despondent feelings prevailed with a great number, as the prospect of finding water without going a great distance was not very promising.

To the northward of where we camped were some mountains, and, as the dry bed of the creek came from that direction, it was hoped that by following it up we might find water there. In the morning, therefore, we started. The weather was very warm for the season, and, after the sun arose, its rays felt oppressive to both men and animals. Before we reached the mouth of the kanyon one of the brethren, became almost crazy with thirst, and I had serious fears for him. I understood afterwards that he had recourse to the dreadful expedient of drinking his urine, in the vain hope that he could, by that

means, quench his thirst. Instead of it having that effect, it had the very opposite, as he ought to have known it would; it made him more thirsty, and almost maddened him. There were several of Smith's men also whose reason was nearly upset through their excessive thirst. There were a number of the animals belonging to Captain Smith's company which "gave out," as well as some of ours.

(To be Continued)

For the Juvenile Instructor.

WATERSPOUTS.

BELOW we present our little readers with an engraving of one of those curious pillars of water, which are occasionally met with on the open sea, or passing rapidly over the land near the sea shore, generally known as waterspouts.

What is the true cause of waterspouts is not decided; but they are generally supposed to originate in small whirlwinds in the clouds above the surface of the sea. When first seen forming by those who are a short distance off, a cone, somewhat in the form of a trumpet, is usually seen to descend from a dense cloud, with the small end downwards, as you may notice in the



picture; at the same time the surface of the sea beneath it ascends a little way in the form of steam, or white vapour, from the centre of which another small cone, gradually rises upwards until it unites with that which is coming down from the cloud above. When they meet the waterspout is completely formed. It then presents the appearance of a pillar reaching from the clouds to the water, larger at the top and bottom, and tapering in the middle. These waterspouts often exist but for a few moments, as the cause which leads to their being formed, appears to be unable to sustain them, sometimes however they will last as long as a quarter or even half an hour, but such instances are rare. When formed, they generally move very rapidly along the surface of the water, or across any land that may lie in their line of travel, and it has been calculated that they often pass along at the rate of from thirty to thirty-five miles an hour. The power with which waterspouts act is often very great. When passing over the land, they have been known to move heavy cannons, and to tear up large trees by their roots. One was once known to carry a large tree a distance of 600 feet. They will tear the roofs off the houses, indeed sometimes they overthrow the houses themselves. On one occasion a waterspout was seen to roll up some moist linen on a bleaching ground, and to transport it, together with a beam accidentally rolled up in it, the whole weighing more than 500 lbs., over a house 40 feet high, and to a distance of 150 feet. Another once emptied a fish-pond and scattered the fish all round its margin. Sometimes men have been caught up by them, and yet let down again unharmed.

On the 19th of June, 1835, a great waterspout passed over part of New Brunswick in British America. It traveled 35 miles in less than fifty minutes. It did great damage. It tore up trees, unroofed houses, threw down walls, smashed windows, etc. In one house that had suffered much from its visit, was found a pocket handkerchief stuffed into a crack the waterspout had made in the wall, while a bed cover was found tightly pressed into a crack in the other wall on the opposite side of the room, and remained as firmly fixed in it as though it had been thrust in there intentionally.

Waterspouts are often accompanied by violent noises, said by some to resemble the falling of water in a large cascade, or like the rumbling of many wagons over a rocky road, besides which a whistling or piping sound is sometimes heard. They are also said to leave a sulphurous smell behind them, supposed to be caused by changes in the electricity of the air, brought about by the action of the waterspout.

In our engraving it will be noticed the rain is falling and a storm of considerable force seems to be raging. This is generally the case when waterspouts are seen. The wind also appears to have blown the centre of the spout to a considerable distance from the straight line, which, indeed often occurs. When there is not much wind blowing the water ascends or descends in a direct line, twisting round and round upwards or downwards, sometimes both ways, one within the other; and it is supposed the column of water, often hollow in the centre, is filled with air. But that will do for the present, in our next number we will continue the subject and tell you some more about these strange phenomena.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

Little Willie,

CHAPTER VIII.

AFTER leaving the junction Willie felt deeply interested in the works. As they passed along the main tracks, on each side were small ponies of the Shetland breed, from three to four feet high, drawing coals out of the low places to points where the large horses could be brought to them.

Some of those ponies, also some of the larger horses, had been down in this pit for years, and for that length of time had never seen one ray of daylight. There, day and night is all the same. The rising or setting of the sun produces no change, and those animals had become so much accustomed to this darkness that they could see better in the dark than in the light. If they had been placed once more in the daylight, they would have been perfectly blind.

Willie and Thomas followed their guide from place to place for about five hours, and though they were told that they had not seen half of the works, being tired of walking, they preferred to be conducted to the mouth of the pit, and from thence to the earth's surface where they could once more behold the precious daylight.

Willie felt quite at home with his uncle, aunt and cousins, though they had many customs which to him appeared very strange. Every morning a chapter was read from the Bible; then all would sit in an erect position neither moving hand nor foot, but would sit as still as if they were so many statues, and for a few minutes death itself could not be more silent. When the head of the family moved liberty was restored to all. Their

faith was that God knew better what they needed than they knew how to ask for it; consequently they thought it unnecessary for them to ask Him for anything, although they could read in the Bible (which they prized above all other books) that God had said He would be inquired of by His children.

Willie's relatives were members of the Quaker church. His cousin Thomas was very zealous in the cause, and gave Willie an invitation to accompany him to meeting the coming Sabbath, which was to be held at Bishop Anklard, about three miles distant. The invitation was accepted. When they arrived at meeting Willie was astonished to see the gentlemen go into the meeting house and take their seats with their hats on. After sitting looking at each other without saying a word, for nearly an hour an aged lady arose and said: "I thank God that the deliverer has come out of Zion," and sat down. Perfect silence reigned again for about the same length of time as before, when two gentlemen sitting on the stand arose, shook hands, and walked out, followed by the congregation.

Willie remained with his cousins during the vacation, at the close of which they returned to school at Pontefact and he to his home in the town of B—. After arriving at home Willie continued to labor diligently to obtain an education, and nearly all the money that he could save was spent in books. Little by little he added to his limited stock of information; like the little coral insect of the boundless ocean slowly, but surely he gathered his store.

One sabbath morning (Conference day) Willie went to meeting, which was to be held in a large hall known by the name of Odd Fellows' Hall. As he took his seat something seemed to whisper to him: "This morning you are going to be called to the priesthood, and you will be required to stand up before all this congregation (numbering about two thousand,) and say whether you will accept the office, and that you know you cannot do: so you had better leave here."

All these impressions were given Willie as plainly as if some person had actually spoken to him, and they surprised him very much, for he had received no such intimation from any one, and why such thoughts should come to his mind now he could not tell. However, he calmed his mind with the thought that all his impressions were unfounded, and that no one would ever think of calling him to office; for he was a mere boy, only seventeen years old.

Soon his troublesome impressions returned, and Willie felt very much agitated. A circumstance now occurred to his mind that happened when he was in his thirteenth year. The circumstance was this: One Wednesday evening Willie attended a fellowship meeting. He had been baptized only a little before this by Elder Elijah F. Sheets. A very good spirit prevailed in the meeting. Willie thought that he would like to bear his testimony; so he thought over what he would say, and when he concluded that his little speech was nicely arranged he rose to his feet. All the Saints looked at Willie and seemed anxious to hear him say something, but to his great astonishment the nice little speech had all gone from him. For a short time he stood with his hands placed on the back of a bench, and then sat down in confusion. Willie's singular impressions, and keen remembrance of this signal failure bore heavily on his mind. He was about to leave the room, but just then the thought occurred to him, that it would be rather a cowardly action, even if he knew that he was going to be called upon to speak; therefore he concluded to remain and take the consequences.

Meeting was opened. The authorities of the church were presented and sustained. The president of the branch in which Willie resided arose to read the names of those that were chosen for office. Willie's fear came upon him, for his name was the first on the list, and he was called up just as it had been

whispered to him that he would be. He thought the circumstance very remarkable, and that the devil had been tempting him to leave his post of duty; he also felt very thankful that he had resisted the temptation. WM. W. B.

(To be Continued.)

For the Juvenile Instructor.

Little George.

A TRUE STORY—SECOND PART.

HE GOES TO ANOTHER SCHOOL.

LITTLE George went to another Sunday school where he found a better teacher. The school he left was the Ranters' Sunday school; the new school he went to was the Wesleyan Methodists' Sunday school. The Ranters' society was not so large a body of religious people as the Wesleyan Methodists' society and did not have so large and fine a school room.

All the large religious societies in the big city had Sunday schools, in which men and women—members of the societies—taught little children, not only to read, but also to believe in the doctrines of their societies. In this way children were trained to be members of the different religious societies from their infancy.

His master and new acquaintance did not like George to go to another school, because they were Ranters, and wished to build up their society all they could, and they wanted to have just as big a school and society as their neighbors. His mistress, not being a very strict Ranter, would have her own way as to which school George went to and she did not see that it made any difference. This change of schools gave him a chance of going to a much larger school, and to a much larger and finer chapel too, where they did not shout, "Come, Lord, just now," so loudly as in the Ranters' chapel, nor did they beat the benches so hard with their hands and feet, but they prayed and spoke with more *unction* than the Ranters' did.

Do you know what *unction* means?

You do not. Well I will tell you.

It means only, melting; that is the Wesleyan Methodist preachers spoke in more oily, soft and tender tones of voice, mixing up with it tears and sniffing, until the congregation wept and sniffed, and the man who could produce the greatest amount of tears and sniffing, until faces and handkerchiefs were anointed with the overflowings of eyes and noses as with oil, was considered to preach with the greatest *unction*. What the Ranters tried to get the Lord to do by bravely shouting at the top of their voices when they prayed to him, and by banging the benches, taking the Lord and heaven by storm, as they said, the Wesleyan Methodists tried to get him to do by wheedling and cant and tears and sniffing, which made their style of worship more *unctuous* than that of the Ranters'.

The Wesleyan Methodists' way suited George's notion of worshiping God the best, because he had an idea that God was an enormous something, he did not know what, that was always in a great rage, sending flame and smoke out of his mouth continually, that he was so big he could hold all the water in the world in the hollow of one of his hands, and blow out the sun, moon and all the stars as easily as Little George could a candle. He thought that such an enormous being should be talked to and of, and approached very cautiously, and with great fear and trembling.

Do you know what sniffting means?
I will tell you.

You can hear sniffting upon a large scale every time the hot air escapes from the engine that prints the *Deseret News*, a man with a bad cold snifts; it is a stoppage in the nostrils, which is caused also by excessive weeping.

George liked his new school, his new teacher, his little class mates, and this new place of worship. He never liked the Ranters' chapel after the bad boy pricked him with a pin, and he was put out for crying when he could not help it. When Sunday morning came he was always ready and willing to go to his new school, the teacher was always so glad to see his scholars, and shook hands with them all round; when he taught them he did so with the tenderness of a father, and when he prayed for them he desired so much that they might all be good boys. All the class loved him, and if they did anything contrary to the rules of the school it was when they forgot, they did not do it on purpose.

The wrong of running away from school was soon forgotten, and George grew in favor with his master, mistress and new acquaintance. Not a week past that his mistress did not make him a little present, or buy him something new to wear.

In the big city there was a great fair held every year in the spring time in a part of the city called Notmill, and the fair was called Notmill fair. The new acquaintance was going to see the fair, and would like Little George to go with him. The master and mistress were quite willing he should go, thinking that it would please him, and besides they considered him a good boy and deserving of kindness.

This fair took place at Easter. Easter answers in the season to the passover of the Jews. Easter Sunday is the third day after Good Friday, the first Sunday after the full moon, and occurs about the 21st of March. The resurrection of Christ is commemorated at Easter by the Roman Catholic and Protestant churches, when Easter prayers are read and sermons are preached. Notmill fair was held on Easter Monday and Tuesday.

It was on the morning of Easter Monday that Little George and the new acquaintance arose early and put on their best Sunday clothing to attend the Notmill fair that day. It was a bright morning, although the sky was not quite cloudless, for now and then the sun was darkened with a thin cloud, and in a few minutes suddenly appeared again in all its glory. There had been rain in the night before, but the storm cloud had passed away, leaving here and there light clouds, which were sending lazily along, like so many bundles of light white feathers, ever changing their forms. It was a beautiful balmy morning, and the heart of Little George was light and joyous and happy at the thoughts of seeing so many nice and queer things at the fair.

His mistress had got done dressing him, and combing his hair, she then put on his cap and gave a finishing touch to the bow of his neckerchief, when she put her hand in her pocket and gave him a silver sixpence, his master gave him twopence, and the new acquaintance a penny, so that he had ninepence altogether. I cannot tell you how happy he felt, for this was something he did not look for. He never had owned so much money in all his life before. He put his pennies in one pocket and his silver sixpence in the other, thinking that he would change it as he went past the shop into half-pennies and pennies, for he would rather have a good many half-pennies than a little bit of a silver piece of money.

They were now ready to start for the fair, and George fairly danced with joy, he said he would show all the boys how much money he had, and promised himself all the nuts and cakes and candy that he wanted, and he would see all the shows and

have a jolly time, and he promised his mistress that he would bring her home some gingerbread.

UNCLE GEORGE.

(To be Continued)

THE STORY OF AMERICAN HISTORY.

Selected from Jacob Abbott's Writings.

[CONTINUED.]

WHEN the news came of Washington's driving the British armies from the Delaware to New York they were encouraged. Still they were not yet sure that the Americans would be able, even with their aid, to succeed in the end. They, however, treated the commissioners with more attention, and even furnished them with considerable help. They did, indeed, all that they could do without exciting the suspicion of the English. They would not, however, openly treat with the commissioners, or receive them at court, or acknowledge them in any way as the agents of an independent nation. They were obliged to be extremely cautious, for there was an English ambassador in Paris, as usual at this time, and he was watching all their doings with the closest scrutiny.

The American commissioners sent a note at one time to this ambassador on some subject relating to an exchange of prisoners, but he would not receive it. They sent it a second time. He then sent back a note to them, saying that "his majesty's ambassador receives no communications from rebels unless they come to implore his majesty's mercy." The commissioners sent back the note, saying that, "having received that indecent paper from him, they returned it to him for his more mature consideration."

At length, when the news of the capture of Burgoyne arrived in France, the government was decided. They acknowledged the independence of the United States, and formed a treaty of commerce with them, and immediately afterward Franklin and the other commissioners were publicly presented at court.

The effect of the capture of Burgoyne was as marked in England as it had been in America and in France. When the government learned the news, and especially when they heard that the French government had acknowledged the independence of the United States, they were seriously alarmed. They began to be sorry that they had ever undertaken the war. It would have been better, they were now convinced, to have allowed the Americans the privilege they claimed—the same privilege which all other British subjects enjoyed—namely, that of having all questions of taxes passed upon by Legislatures chosen by the people themselves who would have the taxes to pay. This was all that the Americans at first asked. If the English government had allowed these claims at the beginning, there would have been no war. And now, seeing that they had carried on the war for some years without making any progress whatever, and observing what a serious turn affairs were taking, they came to the conclusion to yield. So they appointed commissioners, and sent them out to America, to say to Congress that they were willing to make peace, and grant them what they had demanded. They sent these commissioners out with all haste, in order that they might get to America and make peace with the colonies before the news should reach them that France had acknowledged their independence.

The commissioners arrived, and laid their offers before Congress, but the proposals were immediately rejected.

It was too late. "That was," said Congress, "what we demanded at first, and if you had acknowledged our right at the

outset all this trouble would have been saved; but you refused, and compelled us to combine together, and establish an independent national government, in order that we might defend ourselves, and now we can not go back. We are willing to treat with you for peace when you are ready to acknowledge our independence, and withdraw your fleets and armies from the country; but not before."

The commissioners, when they found that these open and public proposals were rejected, made secret attempts to bribe Congress. They made communications privately to some of the leading members, offering them large sums of money and high offices under the king if they would give their votes in Congress, and use their influence to induce the country to return again under the dominion of the king. The members, however, rejected these offers with scorn, and published an account of the attempts made to bribe them in the newspapers.

Very soon after this the British withdrew from Philadelphia, which they had taken some time before, and retreated through New Jersey to New York. They left Philadelphia for fear that, if the French were to send out a fleet to assist the Americans, it would go up the Delaware River, and shut their army in. Thus the Middle States came again into the power of the Americans.

In a short time a French fleet did appear, and the hearts of the Americans were at once greatly encouraged, and their cause strengthened by the presence and assistance of their powerful allies. The French continued to assist them after this, both by land and sea, to the end of the war.

One of the most extraordinary events that occurred during the history of the Revolution was the attempt of one of the American generals to betray a fort on the Hudson River into the hands of the British. The name of the general who was guilty of this treason was Benedict Arnold. His plot was discovered just in season to prevent his carrying his purpose into effect, but not soon enough to prevent his securing his own safety by making his escape. If he had been taken he would have been hung.

Arnold was an intriguing and unprincipled man, but he was possessed of talents and a certain kind of influence and he had been employed in various ways by the American Congress, both in civil and military services. In the course of these employments he quarreled with the government, and also with the other officers of the army, and in the end, partly from revenge, and partly from a hope of making his own fortune by the rewards which he hoped to gain, he resolved to betray the American cause in some way to the British. He had lived extravagantly, and was greatly in debt, and he hoped, by the money which he should obtain for his treason, to extricate himself from all his difficulties.

(To be Continued.)

The answer to the Charade in No. 4, is SWITZERLAND. We received correct answers from W. W. Selk, Joseph F. Thornton, William Hunter, E. B. Thornton, M. Spafford, F. Kindred, O. Roylance, T. J. Lutz, J. P. Smith, jr., M. Callister, J. R. Natshitt, Heber C. Dean and F. J. Dunford.

"Why do you show favor to enemies instead of destroying them?" asked a chieftain of Sigismund. "I destroy my enemies by making them my friends," was the Emperor's noble reply.

Look upward and onward. We learn to climb by keeping our eyes, not on the valleys that lie behind, but on the mountains that rise before us.

MOLLY'S FUNNY SONG.

Oh, queer little stitches,
You surely are witches,
To bother me so!
I'm trying to plant you:
Do stay where I want you,
All straight in a row.

Now keep close together!
I never know whether
You'll do as I say.
Why can't you be smaller?
You really grow taller,
Try hard as I may!

There! now my thread's knotted,
My finger is dotted
With sharp needle pricks!
I mean to stop trying;
I cannot help crying;
Oh, dear, what a fix!

Yes, yes, little stitches,
I know you are witches—
I'm sure of it now—
Because you don't bother
Grown people like mother
When they try to sew.

You love to bewilder
Us poor little "childer"
(As Bridget would say),
By jumping and dancing,
And leaping and prancing
And losing your way.

Hear the bees in the clover!
Sewing "over and over"
They don't understand.
I wish I was out there,
And playing about there
In that great heap of sand!

The afternoon's going;
I must do my sewing
Before I can play.
Now behave, little stitches,
Like good natured witches,
The rest of the day.

I'd almost forgotten
About waxing my cotton,
As good sewers do;
And—oh, what a memory!—
Here is my emery
To help coax it through.

I'm so nicely provided,
I've really decided
To finish the things.
There's nothing like trying;
My needle is flying
As if it had wings.

There, good-bye little stitches!
You obstinate witches,
You're punished, you know.
You've been very ugly,
But now you sit snugly
Along in a row.

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